



"I'll Give a Ten-Pound Note to Anyone Who Gets Me Out to the Barton Before She Sails."

A new interest seemed suddenly to have crept into Hardaway's manner. "Let me see," he said. "If she left Clifford's hotel about two, she would have been at Hampstead about half-past two. She would waste a few minutes in making inquiries, then she probably left Hampstead for West Kensington, say, at a quarter to three. Give me at once a description of the young lady," he demanded.

Quest drew a photograph from his pocket and passed it silently over. "Mr. Quest," he said, "it is just possible that your visit here has been an exceedingly opportune one."

"Come along with me," he continued. "We'll talk as we go."

They entered a taxi and drove off westwards. "Mr. Quest," he went on, "for two months we have been on the track of a man and a woman whom we strongly suspect of having deceived half a dozen perfectly respectable young women, and shipped them out to South America."

"The white slave traffic!" Quest gasped.

"Something of the sort," Hardaway admitted. "Well, we've been closing the net around this interesting couple, and last night I had information brought to me upon which we are acting this afternoon. We've had them watching and it seems that they were sitting in a tea place about three o'clock yesterday afternoon when a young woman entered who was obviously a stranger to London. You see, the time fits in exactly, if your assistant decided to stop on her way to Kensington and get some tea. She asked the woman at the desk the best means of getting to West Kensington without taking a taxi. Her description tallies exactly with the photograph you have shown me. The woman whom my men were watching addressed her and offered to show her the way. They left the place together. My men followed them. The house has been watched ever since and we are raiding it this afternoon. You and I will just be in time."

He stopped the cab and they got out. A man who seemed to be strolling aimlessly along reading a newspaper suddenly joined them.

"Well, Dixon?" his chief exclaimed. The man glanced around. "I've got three men round at the back, Mr. Hardaway," he said. "It's impossible for anyone to leave the place."

Hardaway paused to consider a moment.

"Look here," Quest suggested, "they know all of you, of course, and they'll never let you in until they're forced to. I'm a stranger. Let me go. I'll get in all right."

"All right," he assented. "We shall follow you up pretty closely, though."

Quest stepped back into the taxi and gave the driver a direction. When he emerged in front of the handsome gray stone house he seemed to have become completely transformed. There was a fatuous smile upon his lips. He crossed the pavement with difficulty, stumbling up the steps, and held on to the knocker with one hand while he consulted a slip of paper. He had scarcely rung the bell before a slightly parted curtain in the front room fell together and a moment later the door was opened by a man in the livery of a butler, but with the face and physique of a prize-fighter.

"Lady of the house," Quest demanded. "Want to see the lady of the house?"

Almost immediately he was conscious of a woman standing in the hall before him.

"You had better come in," she invited. "Please do not stand in the doorway."

Quest, however, who had heard the footsteps of the others behind him, loitered there for a moment.

"You're the lady whose name is on this piece of paper?" he demanded. "This place is all right, eh?"

"I really do not know what you mean," the woman replied coldly; "but if you will come inside I will talk with you in the drawing room."

Quest, as though stumbling against the front door, had it now wide open, and in a moment the hall seemed full.

The woman shrieked. The butler suddenly sprang upon the last man to enter and sent him spinning down the steps. Almost at that instant there was a scream from upstairs. Quest took a running jump and went up the stairs four at a time. The butler, who had so far defied arrest, suddenly snatched the revolver from Hardaway's hand and fired blindly in front of him, missing Quest only by an inch or two.

"Don't be a fool, Karl!" the woman called out. "The game's up. Take it quietly."

Once more the shriek rang through the house. Quest rushed to the door of the room from whence it came, tried the handle, and found it locked. He ran back a little way and charged it. From inside he could hear a turmoil of voices. White with rage and passion, he pushed and kicked madly. There was a shot from inside, a bullet came through the door within an inch of his head, then the crash of broken crockery and a man's groan. With a final effort Quest dashed the door in and staggered into the room. Lenora was standing in the far corner, the front of her dress torn and blood upon her lips. She held a revolver in her hand, and was covering a man whose head and hands were bleeding. Around him were the debris of a broken jug.

"Mr. Quest!" she screamed. "Don't go near him—I've got him covered. I'm all right."

Quest drew a long breath. The man who stood glaring at him was well dressed and still young. He was unarmed, however, and Quest secured him in a moment. "The girl's mad!" he said sullenly. "No one wanted to do her any harm."

Hardaway and his men came trooping up the stairs. Quest relinquished his prisoner and went over to Lenora.

"I've been so frightened," she sobbed. "They got me in here—they told me that this was the street in which my aunt lived—and they wouldn't let me go. The woman was horrible. And this afternoon this man came. The brute!"

Quest turned to Hardaway. "I'll take the young lady away," he said. "You know where to find us."

Lenora had almost recovered when they reached the hotel. Walking up and down they found the professor.

"My friend!" he exclaimed—"Mr. Quest! It is the devil incarnate against whom we fight!"

"What do you mean?" Quest demanded.

The professor wrung his hands. "I put him in our James II prison," he declared. "Why should I think of the secret passage? No one has used it for a hundred years. He found it, learned the trick—"

"You mean," Quest cried—"He has escaped!"

"He has escaped!" the professor broke in. "Craig has escaped again! They are searching for him high and low, but he has gone!"

Quest's arm tightened for a moment in Lenora's. It was curious how he seemed to have lost at that moment all sense of proportion. Lenora was safe—the relief of that one thought overshadowed everything else in the world.

"The fellow can't get far," he muttered.

"Who knows?" the professor replied, dolefully.

They had been standing together in a little recess of the hall. Suddenly Lenora, whose face was turned toward the entrance doors, gave a little cry. She took a quick step forward.

"Laura!" she exclaimed, wonderingly. "Why, it's Laura!"

They all turned around. A young woman had just entered the hotel, followed by a porter carrying some luggage. Her arm was in a sling and there was a bandage around her forehead. She walked, too, with the help of a stick. She recognized them at once and waved it gayly.

"Hallo, you people!" she cried. "Soon run you to earth, eh?"

They were for a moment dumfounded. Lenora was the first to find words. "But when did you start, Laura?" she asked. "I thought you were too ill to move for weeks."

The girl smiled contemptuously. "I left three days after you, on the Kaiser Frederic," she replied. "There was some trouble at Plymouth, and

we came into Southampton early this morning, and here I am. Say, before we go any further, tell me about Craig."

"We've had him," Quest confessed. "and lost him again. He escaped last night."

"Where from?" Laura asked. "Hampden house."

"Say, is that anywhere near the south coast?" the girl demanded excitedly.

"It's not far away," Quest replied, quickly. "Why?"

"I'll tell you why," Laura explained. "I was as sure of it as anyone could be. Craig passed me in Southampton water this morning, being rowed out to a steamer. Not only that, but he recognized me. I saw him draw back and hide his face, but somehow I couldn't believe that it was really he. I was just coming down the gangway and I nearly fell into the sea, I was so surprised."

Quest was already turning over the pages of the timetable. "What was the steamer?" he demanded.

"I found out," Laura told him. "I tell you, I was so sure of it's being Craig that I made no end of inquiries. It was the Barton, bound for India, first stop Port Said."

"When does she sail?" Quest asked. "Tonight—somewhere about seven," Laura replied.

Quest glanced at the clock and threw down the timetable. He turned toward the door. They all followed him.

"I'm for Southampton," he announced. "I'm going to try to get on board that steamer before she sails. Lenora, you'd better go upstairs and lie down. They'll give you a room here. Don't you stir out till I come back. Professor, what about you?"

"I shall accompany you," the professor declared.

"And nothing," Lenora declared, firmly, as she caught at Quest's arm. "would keep me away."

"I'll telephone to Scotland Yard, in case they care to send a man down," Quest decided.

They caught a train to Southampton, where they were joined by a man from Scotland Yard. The little party drove as quickly as possible to the docks.

"Where does the Barton start from?" Quest asked the piermaster.

The man pointed out a little way down the water.

"She's not in dock, sir," he said. "She's lying out yonder. You'll barely catch her. I'm afraid," he added, glancing at the clock.

They hurried to the edge of the quay.

"Look here," Quest cried, raising his voice. "I'll give a ten-pound note to anyone who gets me out to the Barton before she sails."

The little party were almost thrown into a tug, and in a few minutes they were skimming across the smooth water. Just as they reached the steamer, however, she began to move.

"Run up alongside," Quest ordered. The captain came down from the bridge where he had been conferring with the pilot.

"Keep away from the side there," he shouted. "Who are you?"

"We are in search of a desperate criminal whom we believe to be or



Quest Seizes Him in a Moment.

board your steamer," Quest explained. "Please take us on board."

The captain shook his head. "Are you from Scotland Yard?" he asked. "Have you got your warrant?"

"We are from America," Quest answered, "but we've got a Scotland Yard man with us and a warrant right enough."

The captain shook his head. "I am over an hour late," he said. "And it's costing me fifty pounds a minute. If I take you on board, you'll have to come right along with me, unless you find the fellow before we've left your tub behind."

Quest turned around. "Will you risk it?" he asked. "Yes!" they all replied.

"We're coming, captain," Quest decided.

A rope ladder was let down. The steamer began to slow down.

The captain spoke once more to the pilot and came down from the bridge.

"I'm forced to go full speed ahead to cross the bar," he told Quest. "I'm sorry, but the tide's just on the turn."

They looked at one another a little blankly.

The professor, however, beamed upon them all. "I have always understood," he said, "that Port Said is a most interesting place."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MANY SHATTERED CAREERS IN THE WAKE OF HARRY

Evelyn Nesbit Says She Is One of the Many Victims of the Jinx.

Is there a Thaw jinx? Is there some subtle and mysterious influence which pervades the atmosphere about Harry K. Thaw and renders those who associate with him more liable to the misfortunes of life? asks the New York World.

The question has been called up by the failure of Deputy Attorney General Franklin Kennedy, who has made a wider study of the Thaw case than any other man in the attorney-general's office, and who devoted most of his time for the last two years to an effort to get Thaw back to Matteawan, to take any part in the last proceedings before Justice Hendrick.

At last reports Mr. Kennedy was in Buffalo recovering from a nervous breakdown which he experienced soon after the conclusion of Thaw's conspiracy trial last March.

Not long after the beginning of the conspiracy trial Mr. Kennedy's friends began to see signs of nervousness on his part. They became more and more pronounced until after one of the arguments before the appellate division. Attorney General Woodbury sent for him and advised him to take a complete rest. Kennedy went away with out leaving word of his destination.



Photo by American Press Association. LATEST PICTURE OF HARRY THAW.

and for days his office was making vain efforts to get in touch with him. Later he was found in a restaurant. It being apparent that he was still far from recovered, he was persuaded to go to his home in Buffalo for a long rest.

### Many Other Victims of Jinx.

Illness, however, is only one of the lesser evils that have followed in the trail of Harry K. Thaw. Other misfortunes that have befallen his associates have included death, state prison terms, the loss of positions, attempts at suicide, insanity and disgrace. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, who claims herself as one of the victims, says it is all due to the Thaw jinx.

Lawyers are among those who have suffered after association with the slayer of Stanford White. Two have gone to jail since serving Thaw, one as a direct result of that service and the other after enjoying the distinction of being the only lawyer to be engaged by Thaw at both of his murder trials. Two other lawyers who served him died soon after ending their connection with him, and one was disbarred as an attorney.

### O'Reilly Incident.

A pathetic instance is that of Dan O'Reilly, who when he was retained as counsel at the first Thaw trial was a popular criminal lawyer in New York. He had been an assistant district attorney and as such had prosecuted the case against Samuel J. Kennedy, who was charged with the murder of Dolly Reynolds. Later he figured in the Nan Patterson case.

He served as a member of the Thaw counsel until Thaw had been sent to Matteawan. Later he appeared as personal counsel for Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. His final downfall then came in connection with the sensational robbery of Aaron Bancroft, an aged broker who was knocked down in the Produce Exchange building and deprived of \$56,000 worth of securities. O'Reilly figured in the negotiations for the return of the stolen property.

After one of the men involved had turned informer and made a statement implicating the lawyer in the attempt to dispose of the loot the once assistant prosecutor was charged in an indictment with having received stolen property. He was tried before Justice Davis in the supreme court, who sentenced him upon his conviction to five months in the penitentiary.

When he came from prison it was as a man broken in body and spirit. His old friends, of whom he had had a host, were shunned, and on Nov. 7, 1913, at the age of forty-four, he died.

Another lawyer whose association with Thaw was followed by death was Alfred Henry Lewis, who was better

## MANY SHATTERED CAREERS IN THE WAKE OF HARRY THAW'S TROUBLES

Three of His Lawyers Have Been In Serious Trouble; One Now In Prison.

known as a magazine writer. Lewis became interested in Thaw while the latter was in Matteawan and subsequently became engaged in a publicity campaign in his behalf.

On one of the visits which he made to the asylum he advised the man in whose behalf he was working, if Thaw's own sworn testimony on this point may be taken as true, that if he were sane he had a perfect right to



Photo by American Press Association. J. N. ANHALT, EX-THAW LAWYER, NOW IN PRISON.



Photo by American Press Association. THAW'S DEVOTED MOTHER, MRS. MARY COPELEY THAW.

signed his post as superintendent of Matteawan. The governor's inquiry was followed by a grand jury investigation, which resulted in the indictment of Anhalt for attempting to bribe Dr. Russell.

Anhalt was placed on trial, Dr. Russell being one of the chief witnesses against him. On May 12, 1913, he was convicted of attempted bribery and a week later was sentenced to a term in state prison of from two to four years. He was released on bail pending his appeal, but the conviction was subsequently affirmed, and he is now serving his sentence. His conviction was followed by his disbarment.

### Dr. Russell's Statement.

Dr. Russell claimed that he had twice been offered a bribe of \$20,000 to issue a certificate that Thaw was sane and that he had both times refused it. If the jinx was active in his case it contented itself merely with bringing about a set of circumstances that got the superintendent a lot of unpleasant notoriety and caused his retirement from his official position.

Howard Barnum, the guard who was at the gate on the morning that Thaw made his escape from the asylum, lost his job as the result of being there, though it was denied that there had been any connivance between him and the alleged lunatic.

While Thaw was in the Tombs he became friendly with Rafaelo Gascone, who was charged with a double killing in Mulberry street. The two men played checkers and cards together and exchanged confidences. The friendship was interrupted when Gascone was sentenced to die in the electric chair. With the help of Albert T. Patrick, Gascone managed to get a new trial, which resulted in acquittal. A year later he was shot in the little wine shop which he kept at 108 Mulberry street.

As far back as 1900 there are evidences of the strange fatality which has followed the Pittsburgh millionaire. It was then that he was spending his income in making a splurge along the Paris boulevards. A dispatch in 1900 told how six months before the Comtesse Louise de Mortane, a pretty widow and member of the provincial aristocracy, had tried to commit suicide because Thaw would not marry her.

She recovered from the grief, however, for she was next reported as contracting for a private submarine boat in which she announced her intention of making her home.

"Big Dick" Butler and four others who helped Thaw escape from Matteawan do not consider themselves victims of the jinx. It is true they had to stand trial on a charge of conspiracy, but they were acquitted. They also got \$5,000, it was reported.